Polo, Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiesty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this businesse:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home, *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This businesse is well ended,

My

My Liege and Maddam, to expostul
What maiesty should be, what duet
Why day is day, night night, and ti
Were nothing but to waste night, da
Therefore breuity is the soule of wi
And tediousnes the limmes and out
I will be breefe your noble sonne is
Mad call I it, for to define true mad
What ist but to be nothing else but
But let that goe.
Quee. More matter with lesse ar
Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no a
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis p
And pitty tis, tis true, a foolish figu
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and nov
That wee find out the cause of this
Or rather say the cause of this defec
For this effect defectiue comes by c
Thus it remaines and the remainder
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she i
Who in her duety and obedience, m
Hath giuen me this, now gather an
To the Celestiall and my soules I
tified Ophelia, *that's an ill phra*
beautified is a vile phrase, but yo
in her excellent white bosome, the
Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* t
Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile,
Doubt thou the starres are fire,
Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.
O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these nu
ken my groanes, but that I lou
leeue it! adew. Thine euermore
machine is to him.
Pol. This in obedience hath my da
And more about hath his soliciting